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## LITERARY FORMULAS.

If a barbarian of good natural understanding were introduced into this country, and put through an extensive course of reading in its modern miscellaneous literature, he would probably be not a little surprised at some of the features of that literature, which we daily pass over as matters of course. For example, it would appear to him very strange that almost every novel should contain some two or three persons of excessively wicked character, and about an equal number who are nearly faultless; while, to make the wonder still greater, the virtues and the vices invariably go in association with certain peculiarities of personal appearance, professional occupation, and even relationship. Thus the best looking young lady and young gentleman are always paragons of moral goodness—dull a little, perhaps, but always very good. There is always an ill-looking (perhaps deformed) fellow, who entertains the most atrocious designs against some one, in which, however, he is entirely baulked. If this gentleman be uncle to any body, he is sure to be the worse for it; and this must appear the more wonderful, as the consideration is apt to arise that, if he be uncle to some one, he may be, or have been, nephew to some body else, who ought to have brought him up. Fathers generally are very harsh, and mammas very absurd and designing; that is to say, when they are mammas of some standing, for if they be young mammas, they are the most delightful creatures in the world, being then angels of maternal tenderness. Monks are always sad wretches, unless they be old and grey, in which case they are sometimes amiable and interesting. A baron, especially if his castle be in a forest, is sure to be a detestable monster; but a young nobleman who hunts, is generally a very tolerable person. If there be any person about a family mansion who is dependent, an orphan, and of the feminine gender, mark that person—she *must* be all that is amiable. The eldest son will be extremely apt to fall in love with her, and then she will be persecuted by all except the old housekeeper. In the long-run she is sure to triumph. P.S. A young orphan lady in such a dependent situation is invariably pretty: hence all the mischief. These things, we say, would astonish an acute barbarian, who, even in his limited intercourse with the world, would probably have remarked that goodness and wickedness are not limited to human beings of any denomination, or relation in life, or place in the social scale. The mystery would be in some degree explained to him, when he was informed that these were mere fashions or formulas observed by writers of fiction.

If our barbarian were to spend a few years in the country, and nevertheless maintain all the original simplicity of his mind, he would also be surprised, as he went on reading, to observe how the literary republic is always finding out something that is excessively wrong, and excessively to be sympathised with, and very much to be declaimed about—that is to say, for a certain time, but which by and bye falls entirely out of notice, as if the thing had either ceased to be, or been completely corrected—neither of which events, however, ever takes place. Thus, for example, we have had many ingenious persons tormenting themselves for some years past, respecting the condition of the poor in the English workhouses, which they have convinced themselves is the most wretched imaginable, though, if they would only be at the trouble to step into any one workhouse, they would find the inmates in the enjoyment of rather more than the amount of food which the best physiologists deem necessary for health, and that of a nutritious kind, prepared with all due care. Workhouses are to be found scattered

thickly enough over England, and there is no objection any where to their being inspected. Yet, instead of going into them, or into any one of them, to ascertain the real state of the case, these gentlemen go on year after year bemoaning the supposed hard fate of the poor, and launching forth their indignation at those persons who are actually doing all they can to make that fate tolerable. We would have our barbarian friend not to be surprised if he were to find that these clamorous philanthropists never give themselves the least personal concern about any poor person, and systematically practise a breeches-pocket-buttoning policy against the whole generation of mendicants. There would be nothing to wonder at in that, for their declamations about workhouses are merely a matter of fashion, in which there is no real feeling concerned. They have only got hold of an idea, of which they think that something can be made. The public has a vague impression that there is something very horrible about a workhouse, and that the guardians and overseers of all workhouses must be tyrants. This is the way in which they are always represented in fiction, just as German barons living in forests are always villains. In such an industrious nation, few can inquire for themselves, so as to correct these vague notions originally impressed by fiction. The clamorous philanthropist, therefore, finds the miseries of the workhouse a good subject, and determines to improve it to the utmost. It is brought forward in all shapes and forms—that of the truth alone excepted. Sometimes we have the pining woes of starved and stunted childhood, and sometimes the tearless hardships of withered old age. The young are innocent and interesting, the old are excellent people, who have seen better days, and practised every virtue. Such they are by a sort of prescriptive right vested in the very relation they hold towards the rest of society. The whole picture is affecting in the extreme, and every body wonders that such things should be allowed to exist. Here we have the touchstone of the matter. How should such things be in a civilised land? Quite so. It would be very wonderful if they were so. But the simple fact is, that such things *are* not, and therefore do not need to be tolerated. They exist only in the imagination of a set of sentimentalists, real or affected, who find they can have something to say which will obtain attention, if they write upon this subject in the particular way described, and who would write in any way upon any subject, if only sure of an audience. The only remedy ever found for such awful tyrannies and lamentable miseries, is when the public begins to be tired of the subject, or some other thing equally awful and lamentable can be got up to take its place. The instantaneousness of the reforms thus apparently achieved is beyond all admiration.

The condition of the people who work in factories is another subject on which our supposed barbarian would find a strange difference between the reality and the favourite kind of description. Were he to inspect an ordinary cotton-mill in Manchester, he would find a great number of people of both sexes, all neatly dressed, engaged in a work so light as to seem a kind of amusement, enjoying the advantage of being in a well-ventilated and moderately warm room, and not in general working for a greater length of time every day than is consistent with good health. He would see as neat-looking young women as any village maidens in the country, and learn from their masters that they are in general not less careful about their behaviour. He would find boys and girls engaged in work, and thus doing a good deal to promote the comfort of their parents. The whole scene would be pleasing for its very regularity. In many such works

he would find the persons employed to be decidedly better off than the generality of working-people. He might also ascertain from statistical returns, patent to every one, and forming an evidence perfectly incontrovertible, that there is less crime in manufacturing than in rural districts. But when he turned from the actual scene, or from the scarcely less faithful portraiture of statistics, to the pages of the class of writers already pointed out, how very different a view would be presented! In the very first place, the younger workers would be represented as *stunted*—not half the size that children ought to be, though it happens to have been ascertained by fair experiment that "factory children," as they are called, are just about the same weight and stature with other children. Our philanthropist never peruses statistics, and in all probability detests them. The working-rooms would be represented as the scene of constant faintings from exhaustion and starvation, though perhaps that incident is in reality a rare one, and chiefly takes place amongst women in certain predisposing circumstances. The workers would be represented at meal-hours as creeping slowly and dully to food which they had lost all appetite for, though in fact there are few more jocund or lively scenes than that of a factory dismissing for a meal. Then, somehow, when young people begin their attendance at mills, it is sure to be an excessively dark, cold, drizzly morning in the month of January. The wind howls, and the bitter sleet dashes against the window pane. "The child rises, and, with its scanty covering pulled about it, descends shivering to the street. Poor little wench! her blood is frozen under her very finger-nails [the most likely place for it to freeze, we should think]. Her foot, too (for her shoes have been patched past further patching, and yawn in half a dozen places), is galled with a nasty chilblain, and she limps most painfully. Her father, bound to the same factory, lifts her upon his back, and, checking an oath, groans from between his teeth. The girl is nine years old; and half-clad, in a desolating January morning, is carried—through cold and darkness carried—to work!" This is actually the description given, by a very clever man, in a recent work, of a child's first going to a factory. Another dexterous writer for amusement has thought it worth while to spin the fiction out into a long book, designed apparently for the amiable purpose of holding up the class of manufacturers to the ridicule and execration of their fellow-countrymen, and thus truly making our community a house divided against itself, these same manufacturers being, in fact, speaking generally, an ingenious, industrious, and humane class of men, elevated in many instances by their own merit from a humble origin, and whose wealth-creating powers are acknowledged to have been the chief means of keeping Britain afloat under a pressure of difficulties which must have otherwise made her the prey of a foreign spoiler. But the whole is only a similar delusion to that which prepares us to expect a creditor in fiction to be hard-hearted, and a debtor a worthy but unfortunate fellow. The manufacturer is looked on as *necessarily* a severe task-master, the workman as a poor servile drudge, whom the master uses in any way he pleases; the one as a grasping money-maker, the other as a poor wretch who asks only bread. Whereas the real state of the case is, that the two parties make a fair bargain according to the market rate of labour; that the workman is as independent as the master, and has as keen a sense of his own interests; and that, so far from being indifferent about the welfare of his labourers if he only can squeeze the desired work out of them, the master has every where sought for and adopted expedients for rendering the business healthy, and promoting the

moral and physical weal of those employed by him. The writers adverted to never take the least pains to ascertain such things. They do not need to care for truth. Their whole object is to write for a certain formula of popular belief which they think will "pay." The class whom they address live in drawing-rooms, and personally know nothing of factories; they therefore run no risk of detection there.\* But it would be amusing to see a Birmingham workman, who often has green peas before his master, reading a work in which he was described as a poor stunted forlorn wretch, who never, from morn to eve of life, knew a single comfort—or a stout Dundee lass hearing herself described as a poor shred of humanity, doomed to linger out a miserable and degraded life, when she knows that her nine shillings a-week place her in food, clothes, and even independence, above most of her labouring compeers in that or any other district.

A sharp eye may detect a few other formulas of sentimentalism rising at present in the literary world, but among a class of writers whose ideas are generally of a philosophical cast, and whose aims, at least, are manifestly good. By these writers the commercial spirit is condemned as one altogether selfish, and to this are traced many evils supposed to be afflicting the commonwealth. All is struggle and scramble; the old social ties are no more. A general uneasiness pervades the mercantile classes: hard necessity pushes them on behind: at the same time, the ambition of high living draws them on before, and there is a general extravagance, or living above income. Now, the fact is, though the commercial spirit has reference to personal advantages, that those who entertain it are as benevolent as any other class of the community, and perhaps more so than most, their anxiety for their own provision not necessarily precluding a regard to the claims of their fellow-creatures. The general effect of commerce upon the mind of a people, instead of being unfavourable, has always been remarked to be the reverse: wherever commerce prevails, there is generally to be found liberality of mind in proportion. It may be that many mercantile persons apply too industriously, and injure their health; but this error is apart from the evil pointed out. As to all being a struggle and a scramble, it may in like manner be pointed out that, where competition seems to run highest, great amity prevails among individuals. It is only in narrow scenes, where there is little business, that the feeling of competition becomes a bitter one. The feeling of uneasiness said to prevail among the mercantile classes is probably only that sense of uncertainty as to prospects, inseparable from all except an absolutely independent condition, and which is unquestionably useful, in as far as it gives a constant motive to exertion. The notion of a general extravagance we believe to be not less visionary. No doubt, we occasionally find individuals, who, from over-hasty ambition, have exceeded their means; but this is just the occasional exception of evil from a thing upon the whole good. Were there not a general wish to attain a higher point in the social scale, we should see nothing but stagnation and inactivity, where now we see the reverse. The wish or ambition is not only excusable, but laudable; and to it in a great measure are we indebted for the superiority which our country now exhibits over the regions where habits and classes are in eternal fixity. The notion of a general system of living above means is obviously absurd, for the thing is as impossible in nature, as for more rain to fall from the sky than the sun has raised from the sea. These are also, then, as we take it, literary formulas, though probably not set forward with any intention of deceiving.

And how long, inquires our sensible barbarian, may we expect to see this difference kept up between the

\* The ignorance of one class respecting the condition of another in this country, is very remarkable. A friend of ours once heard a district of Manchester, which is chiefly occupied by the working men, described by ladies and gentlemen in that town as extremely wretched, and not even safe for a stranger to pass through. He had the courage to go and use his own eyes, when he found that the dwellings were generally comfortable, and the people to all appearance decent. He went and went again to that district, at various hours of the day, and always found every thing quiet. Notions in the same degree erroneous probably exist in every large city respecting the occupants of certain districts. Popular notions, in general, are apt long to survive any basis of fact which they originally had. There is a disagreeable disease, supposed by the lower orders in England to be particularly prevalent in Scotland: what prevalence it may have had ages ago, we cannot tell; but it is a curious fact that, though we have spent all the years of our life in Scotland, we never once saw a person known to be afflicted with that disease.

realities of obvious things, and the way they are spoken of and described in literature! "As long, good sir, as it is easier to write than to inquire, easier to lament supposed woes than to relieve real ones, and as long as the article truth shall not be in particular request amongst the bulk of readers."

### WALKS OUT OF TOWN.

BY HUGH MILLAR,

AUTHOR OF THE TRADITIONAL HISTORY OF CROMARTY.

No. III.

I HAD passed the three first milestones after leaving Forres, when the clouds began to lour on every side of me, as if earth and sky were coming together, and the rain to descend in torrents. The great forest of Darnaway looked shaggy and brown through the haze, as if greeting the heavens with a scowl as angry as their own; and a low, long wreath of vapour went creeping over the higher lands to the left, like a huge snake. On the right, the locale of Shakspeare's witch scene, half moor, half bog, with the old ruinous castle of Inshoch standing sentry over it, seemed ever and anon to lessen its area as the heavily laden clouds broke over its farther edge like waves of the sea; and the intervening morasses—black and dismal at all times—grew still blacker and more dismal with every fitful thickening of the haze and the rain. And then, how the furze waved to the wind, and the few scattered trees groaned and creaked! The thunder and the witches were alone wanting.

I passed on, and the storm gradually sank. The evening, however, was dark and damp, and more melancholy than even the day, and I was thoroughly wet, and somewhat fatigued to boot. I could not, however, help turning a little out of my way to pause for a few minutes amid the ruins of the old farm-house of Minitarf, just as I had paused in the middle of the storm to fill my mind with the sublimities of the Har-moor, and do homage to the genius of Shakspeare. But why at Minitarf? Who is not acquainted with the legend of the "Heath near Forres"—who knows any thing of the history of the Farm-House! Both stories, however, are characteristic of the very different ages to which they belong; and the moral of the humbler story is at once the more general in its application, and the more obvious of the two.

Isabel Rose, the godwife of Minitarf, was a native of Easter-Ross, and having lost both her parents in infancy, she had passed the first eighteen years of her life with a married sister on the hill of Nigg. She had been famed for her beauty, and for being the toast of three parishes; and of all her lovers, and few could reckon on more, she had been lucky enough to lose her heart to one of the best—a piece of good fortune nearly as rare as the first prize in a showman's raffle. The favoured suitor was a handsome young farmer of the province of Moray—a person somewhat less shrewd, perhaps, than many of his countrymen, but inflexibly honest, and perseveringly industrious; and as he was a namesake of her own, she became his wife and the mistress of Minitarf, and remained Isabel Rose as before. The wife became a mother—the mother of two boys. Years passed by; the little drama of her life, like one of the dramas of antiquity, had scarce any change of circumstance, and no shifting of scenes; and her two sons grew up to maturity, as unlike one another in character as if they had not been born to the same parents, nor brought up under the same roof.

John, the elder son, was cautious and sensible, and of great kindness of disposition. There was nothing bright or striking about him, but he united to his father's integrity and firmness of purpose much more than his father's shrewdness, and there was a homely massiveness in the character that procured him respect. He was of a mechanical turn; and making choice of the profession of a house-carpenter—for he was as little ambitious as may be—he removed to Glasgow, where his steadiness and skill recommended him to the various contractors of the place, until in the course of years he became, a good deal to his own surprise, a contractor himself. Sandy, the younger son, was volatile and unsettled, and impatient of labour and restraint, and yet no piece of good fortune could have surprised Sandy. He had somehow come to the conclusion that he was born to be a gentleman, and took rank accordingly, by being as little useful and dressing as showily as he could. His principles were of a more conventional cast than those of his brother, and his heart less warm; still, however, there was no positive vice in the character; and as he was decidedly cleverer, and a

great deal more genteel, his mother could not help sharing with him in the hope that he was born to be the gentleman of the family; a hope which, of course, was not lessened when she saw him bound apprentice in his seventeenth year to a draper in a neighbouring town.

Sandy's master was what is termed a clever man of business; one of those smart fellows who want only honesty, and that soundness of judgment which seems its natural accompaniment, to make headway in the world. He had already threaded his way through the difficulties of three highly respectable failures; he had thrice paid his debts at the rate of fifteen shillings per pound, and had thus realised on each occasion a profit of twenty-five per cent. on the whole. And yet, from some inexplicable cause, he was not making more money than traders much less fertile in expedient than himself. His ordinary gains were perhaps the less considerable, from the circumstance, that men came to deal with him as completely on their guard as if they had come to fight with him, and though a match for any single individual, he was somehow no match for every body, even though, after the manner of Captain Bobadil's opponents, they came only one at a time. His scheme, too, of occasionally suspending his payments had this disadvantage, that the oftener it was resorted to, the risk became greater and the gain less.

The shop of such a person could not be other than a rare school of ingenuity—a place of shifts and expedients, and where, according to the favourite phrase of its master, things were done in a business-like manner; and Sandy Rose was no very backward pupil. There are ingenious young men who are a great deal too apt to confound the idea of talent itself with the knavish exercise of it, and who, seeing nothing very knowing in simple honesty, exert their ingenuity in the opposite tract, rather out of a desire of doing clever things than from any very decided bias to knavery; and Sandy Rose was unfortunately one of the number. It is undoubtedly an ingenious thing to get the possession of a neighbour's money without running the risk of stealing it, and there can be no question that it requires more of talent to overreach another than to be overreached oneself. The three years of Sandy's apprenticeship came to their close, and with the assistance of his father, who in a long course of patient industry had succeeded in saving a few hundred pounds, he opened shop for himself in one of the principal streets of the town.

Sandy's shop, or warehouse, as he had termed it, for the latter name was deemed the more respectable of the two, was decidedly the most showy in the street. He dealt largely in fancy goods, and no other kind in the "soft way" show equally well in a window. True, the risk was greater, for among the ordinary chances of loss he had to reckon on the continual changes of fashion; but then, from the same cause, the profits were greater too, and Sandy had a decided turn for the more adventurous walks of his profession. Nothing so respectable as a large stock in trade; the profits of a thousand pounds are necessarily greater than the profits of five hundred. And so, what between the ready money advanced to him by his father, and the degree of credit which the money procured him, Sandy succeeded in rendering his stock a large one. He had omitted only two circumstances in his calculation—the proportion which one's stock should bear to one's capital, and the proportion which it should bear to the trade of the place in which one has settled. When once fairly behind his counter, however, no shop-keeper could be more attentive to his customers, or the appearance of his shop; and all allowed that Sandy Rose was a clever man of business. He wrote and figured with such amazing facility, and made such dashes at the end of every word! He was so indefatigable in his assertions, too, that he made it a rule in every case to sell under prime cost! He was, besides, so amazingly active—a squirrel in its cage was but a type of Sandy! He was, withal, so beautifully genteel! His finest cloths did not look half so well on his shelves as they did on his dapper little person; and it was clear, from his every-day appearance, that he was one of his own best customers.

Sandy's first half year of business convinced him that a large stock in trade may resemble a showy equipage in more points than one: it may look as respectable in its way, but then it may cost as much. Bills were now falling due almost every week, and after paying away the money saved during the earlier months, the every-day custom of the shop proved too little to meet the every-day demand. Fortunately, however, there were banks in the country—"more banks than one;" and his old master was

content to lend him the use of his name, simply on the condition of being accommodated with Sandy's name in turn. Bill, therefore, was met by bill, and the paper of one bank pitted against the paper of another; and as Sandy was known to have started in trade with a few hundreds, there was no demur for the first twelvemonth or so on the part of the bankers. They then, however, began to demand indorsements, and to hint that the farmer, his father, was a highly respectable man. Sandy expressed his astonishment that any such security should be deemed necessary; his old master expressed his astonishment too; nothing could be more unbusiness-like, he said; but the bankers, who were quite accustomed to the astonishment of all their more doubtful customers, were inflexible notwithstanding, and the old man's name was procured. The indorsement was quite a matter of course, he was told; a thing "neither here nor there;" but necessary just for form's sake; and from that day forward all the accommodation bills of Sandy and his master bore the name of the simple-minded old man.

I have said that Sandy was one of the most indefatigable of shopkeepers. It was but for the first few months, however, when all was smooth water and easy sailing; in a few months more, when the tide had begun to set in against him, he became much less attentive. Some of his fancy goods were becoming old-fashioned, and in consequence unsaleable, and his stock, large at first, was continuing large still. What between the price of stamps, too, the rate of discount, and the expense of travelling to the several banks in which he did business, he found that the profits of his trade were more than balanced by the expenditure. Sandy's heart, therefore, began to fail him; and, setting himself to seek amusement elsewhere than behind his counter, he got a smart young lad to take charge of the shop in his absence; and as it could not add very materially to the inevitable expense, he provided himself with a horse. He was now every day on the road doing business as his own traveller. He rode twenty miles at a time to secure a five shilling order, or crave payment of a five shilling debt. He attended every horse-race and fox-hunt in the country, and paid the king's duty for a half-starved greyhound: Sandy was happy outside his shop, and his lad was thriving within. Matters went on in this train for so long as two years, and the hapless shopkeeper began to perceive that the few hundreds advanced him by his father had totally disappeared in the time, and to wonder what had become of them. Still, however, his stock in trade, though somewhat less showy than at first, was nearly equal in value to one-third his liabilities; the other two-thirds were debts incurred by his old master; and at worst there lay no other obstacle between him and a highly respectable settlement with his creditors than the unlucky indorsements of his father. He rose, however, one morning to learn that his master had absconded during the night, leaving the shop key under the door sill; in a few days after, Sandy had absconded too; and his poor father, who had paid all his debts till now, and had taken a pride in paying them, found that his unfortunate indorsements had involved him in irretrievable ruin. Bankruptcy was a very different matter to the rigidly honest old man from what it was to either Sandy or his master.

For the first few days after the shock, he went wandering about his fields, muttering ceaselessly to himself, and wringing his hands. His whole faculties seemed locked up in a feeling of bewilderment and terror, and every packet of letters which the postman brought him—letters urging the claims of angry creditors, or intimating the dishonour of bills—added to his distress. His son was in hiding no one knew where; and though it was perhaps well that he should have kept out of the way at such a time, poor Isabel could not help feeling that it was unkind. He might surely be able to do something, she thought, to lighten the distress of which he had been so entirely the cause, were it but to tell them what course yet remained for them to pursue. It was in vain that, almost broken-hearted herself, she strove by soothing the old man to restore him to himself: he remained melancholy and abstracted as at first, as if the suddenness of his ruin had deprived him of his faculties. He hardly ever spoke, took scarce any food during the day, and scarce any sleep during the night; and, finally, taking to his bed, he died after a few days' illness—died literally of mental anguish. On the evening after the interment, his son John Rose, the carpenter, arrived from Glasgow, and found his mother sitting alone in the farmhouse, wholly overwhelmed with grief for the loss of her husband, and the utter ruin which she saw closing around her.

Their meeting was a sad one; but after the widow's first burst of sorrow was over, her son strove to comfort her, and in part succeeded. He might yet look forward, he said, to better days. He was in rather easy circumstances, employing about half a dozen workmen, and at times finding occasion for more. And though he could not well be absent from them, he would remain with her until he saw how far it was possible to wind up his father's affairs, and she would then go with him, and find what he trusted she should deem a comfortable home in Glasgow. Isabel was soothed by his kindness; but it did not escape the anxious eye of the mother, that her son, at one time so robust and strong, had grown thin, and pale, and hollow-eyed, like a person in the latter stages of consumption, and that, though he seemed anxious to ap-

pear otherwise, he was evidently much exhausted by his journey. He rallied, however, on the following day. The sale of his father's effects was coming on in about a week; and as the farm-house at such a time could be no comfortable home for the widow, he brought her with him across the firth to her sister's in Nigg, and then returned to Minnart.

Rather more than a week passed, and Isabel's nephew, a person not very unlike her elder son, who managed the farm for his mother, was seated beside his aunt, striving as he best could to dissipate the melancholy which he saw preying on her spirits, when a young man, bespattered with travel, and apparently much fatigued, entered the apartment. Isabel started from her seat, and clasping her hands with a fearful presentiment of some overwhelming calamity, tumultuously inquired of him what had happened at Minnart! He stood speechless for a few seconds as if overcome by some fearful emotion, and then bursting into tears, "Your son John," he said, "died this morning." The poor woman fainted away.

"For the two last days of the sale," said the messenger, "there was a marked alteration in John's manner and appearance. There was a something so fixed-like in his expression, and so mournful in his way of looking at things; and then his face was deadly pale, and he took scarce any food. It was evident that the misfortunes of his family preyed deeply on his mind. Yester evening," continued the lad, "he complained for the first time of being unwell, and retired to bed before the usual hour. The two servant-maids rose early in the morning to prepare for leaving the place, and were surprised, on entering the 'ha', to find him sitting in the great arm-chair fronting the fire. His countenance had changed during the night; he looked much older, and very like his father; and he was so weak that he could hardly sit up in the chair. The girls would have called for assistance, but he forbade them. 'My watch,' he said, 'hangs over my pillow; go tell me what o'clock it is.' It was just twenty minutes past four. 'Well,' said he, when they had told him, 'it is the last hour to me! there is a crook in my lot; but it is the doing of God, not of man.' And, leaning back in the chair, he never spoke more." The messenger had seen the corpse laid on the bed, and wrapped up in a winding-sheet, before setting out on his melancholy journey. Need I say aught of the feelings of Isabel! The farmer and his mother strove to persuade her to remain with them till at least after the funeral, but she would not; she would go and take one last look of her son, she said; of her only son—for the other was a murderer. Early, therefore, on the following morning, the farmer hired a small yawl to bring her across the firth, and, taking his place in the stern beside her, the boatmen bent them to their oars, and the bill of Nigg soon lessened behind them.

After clearing the bay, however, their progress was much impeded by adverse currents; there came on a chill drizzling rain, and the wind, which was evidently rising, began, after veering about oftener than once, to blow right ahead, and to raise a short tumbling sea. Grief of itself is cold and comfortless, and the widow, wrapped up in her cloak, sat shivering in the bottom of the yawl, drenched by the rain and the spray. But she thought of only her son and her husband. The boatmen toiled incessantly till evening; and when night came on, dark and boisterous, they were still two long miles from their landing-place—the effluence of the Nairn. Directly across the mouth of the river there runs a low dangerous bar, and as they approached, they could hear the roaring of the breakers above all the hoarse sighings of the wind, and the dash of the lesser waves that were bursting around them. "There," said the farmer, as his eye caught a few faint lights that seemed twinkling along the beach; "there is the town of Nairn right abreast of us; but has not the tide fallen too low for our attempting the bar?" The boatmen replied in the negative, and in a minute after they were among the breakers. For a single instant the skiff seemed riding on the crest of an immense wave, which came rolling from the open sea, and which, as it folded over and burst into foam, dashed her forward like an arrow from the string. She sank, however, as it receded, till her keel grated against the bar beneath. Another huge wave came rolling behind, and, curling its white head like the former, rushed over her stern, filling her at once to the gunwale, and at the same instant propelling her into the deep water within. The farmer sprang from his seat, and raising his aunt to the hinder thwart, and charging her to hold fast, he shouted to the boatmen to turn the boat's head to the shore. In a few minutes after, they had landed.

Poor Isabel, well nigh insensible—for grief and terror, added to cold and fatigue, had prostrated all her energies, bodily and mental—was carried to the town, and lodged in the house of an acquaintance. When morning came, she was unable to leave her bed. The farmer, therefore, had to set out for Minnart alone; on his return, he found her in the delirium of a fever, from which she never recovered. Her younger son was seen in the West Indies ten years after, a miserable slave-driver, with a broken constitution and an unquiet mind. And there he died—no one caring where or how. I am not fond of melancholy stories; but "to purge the heart by pity and terror" is the true end of tragedy—an end which the gorgeous creations of the poets are not better suited

to accomplish than the domestic tragedies which we see every day acting around us. It is well, too, to note how immensely the folly and knavery of mankind add to the amount of human suffering, and how, according to the wise saying of the Preacher, "One sinner destroyeth much good."

#### SPECIMENS OF THE ENGLISH SONNET WRITERS.

Scorn not the sonnet; critic, you have frowned,  
Mindless of its just honours; with this key  
Shakespeare unlocked his heart; the melody  
Of this small lute gave ease to Petrarch's wound;  
A thousand times this pipe did Tasso sound;  
With it Camdens soothed an exile's grief;  
The sonnet glittered, a gay myrtle leaf  
Amid the cypress with which Dante crowned  
His visionary brow; a glow-worm lamp  
It cheered mild Spenser, called from Faery-land  
To struggle through dark ways; and when a damp  
Fell round the path of Milton, in his hand  
The thing became a trumpet, whence he blew  
Soul-animating strains—alas, too few!

WORDSWORTH.

We have here, in the language of its great modern master, at once a beautiful specimen of the little poem called the sonnet, and some outline of its history. It may be described as a form of poetical composition, limited to fourteen ten-syllable lines, containing in the best models from four to six rhymes, and marked by great closeness of thought and diction. Practised originally by Dante, Petrarch, and others of those who revived letters in southern Europe, it found its way to England in the sixteenth century, when the works of the Italian poets first became popular amongst us.

The first writer of English sonnets was the Earl of Surrey, a graceful amatory poet of the reign of Henry VIII., whose works, after a long interval of obscurity, have of late years again been brought a good deal under notice. His compositions of this kind, and indeed most of what he ever wrote, were the breathings of an ardent but apparently unrequited affection, which he bore for a lady named by him Geraldine, supposed to have been Lady Elizabeth Fitzgerald, daughter of the Earl of Kildare, and second cousin of the Princesses Mary and Elizabeth, with whom she was educated at Hunsdon House. Our first example of the sonnet shall be his lordship's account of this lady:—

From Tuscan came my lady's worthy race;  
Fair Florence was, sometime, her ancient seat;  
The western isle, whose pleasant shore doth face  
Wild Camber's cliffs, did give her lively heat.  
Foster'd she was with milk of Irish breast;  
Her sire an earl; her dame of princes' blood:  
From tender years, in Britain she doth rest,  
With king's child, where she matcheth costly food.  
Hunsdon did first present her to mine eye;  
Bright is her hue, and Geraldine she hight;  
Hampton me taught to wish her first for mine,  
And Windsor, alas, doth chase me from her sight!  
Her beauty of kind; her virtues from above;  
Happy is he that can obtain her love.

The compositions of this noble poet are all in that style of affected distress, under the pains of love and disdain, which has been long abandoned by English poets; yet there is something about it which, if not poetry in the best sense of the word, is at least very elegant, and very remote from vulgar associations. We give another specimen:—

The sweet season, that bud and bloom forth brings,  
With green hath clad the hill and eke the vale;  
The nightingale, with feathers new, she sings;  
The turtle, too, her mate hath told her tale;  
Summer is come, for every spray forth springs;  
The hart hath hung his old head on the pale;  
The buck in brake his winter coat he flings;  
The fishes fit with new repaired scale;  
The adder all her slough away she flings;  
The swift swallow pursueth the flies small,  
The busy bee her honey now she sings;  
Winter is worn, that was the flowers' vale,  
And thus I sit among these pleasant things,  
Each care decays, and yet my sorrow springs.

There is more poetry in some parts of Surrey's life than in most of his verse. He proceeded upon the tour of Europe, in chivalric guise, every where proclaiming the unparalleled charms of his mistress Geraldine, and challenging any knight to depreciate or deny them. Passing some time at the court of the Emperor of Germany, he became acquainted with the magician Cornelius Agrippa, who showed him, in a mirror of glass, a living image of Geraldine, reclining on a couch, sick, and reading one of his sonnets by a waxen taper. His imagination was heated anew by the sight, and he hastened to Florence, the original seat of the ancestors of the lady. On his arrival there he published a defiance against any person who should presume to dispute the superiority of her beauty. A challenger appeared; the Duke of Tuscany permitted a combat to take place; and Surrey came off victor. When he returned to England, he was universally admitted to be the most polite lover, the most learned nobleman, and the most accomplished gentleman of his age. Yet all this did not save him from the jealousy of his sovereign, who caused him to be beheaded on Tower-hill, January 19, 1546-7.

Wyatt, a contemporary of Surrey, also cultivated the sonnet, and it was adopted as a form of composition by the accomplished Sir Philip Sydney, who, both in his mind and in his history, a good deal resembled the chivalric lover of Geraldine. From him we quote a sonnet to the Moon, the first, as far as we are aware, of the many poems which have been addressed by English bards to that planet:—

With how sad steps, O Moon, thou climb'st the skies,  
How silently and with how wan a face!

What! may it be, that, even in heavenly place,  
That busy Archer his sharp arrows tries?  
Sure, if that long-with-love-acquainted eyes  
Can judge of love, thou feel'st a lover's case;  
I read it in thy looks: thy languished grace,  
To me that feel the like, thy state describes.  
Then, even of fellowship, O Moon, tell me—  
Is constant love deemed there but want of wit?  
Are beauties there as proud as here they be?  
Do they above love to be loved, and yet  
Those lovers scorn whom that love doth possess?  
Do they call virtue there ungratefulness?

Spenser appears to have delighted in this form of poetry, if we are to judge by the many specimens of it—no fewer than eighty-eight—which he has sent down to us. These things he well calls his *Amoretti*: they are all of them expressions of his love for his mistress, and almost all characterised by the same peculiarities which mark the similar productions of Surrey. The eternal complaints of these old rhymers as to the iciness and cruelty of their innamoratas are incomprehensible, for we never hear of any such things from modern poets. Is human nature thus far changed, or is there only a change in the fashion of the poet's thoughts? It is only, we suspect, a literary formula. Spenser's sonnets are full of these complaints; yet their rich poetical diction reconciles us to all drawbacks. We give one of the pieces most free from affected feeling, and most remarkable for beautiful language, being, however, only a version of a well-known thought of Horace:—

Fresh Spring, the herald of love's mighty king,  
In whose coat armour richly are displayed  
All sorts of flowers which on earth do spring,  
In goodly colours gloriously arrayed;  
Go to my love, where she is careless laid,  
Yet in her winter's bower not well awake,  
Tell her the joyous time will not be stayed,  
Unless she do him by the forelock take:  
Bid her, therefore, herself soon ready make,  
To wait on Love, amid his lovely crew,  
Where every one that miseth then her maid\*  
Shall be by him amerced in penance due.  
Make haste, therefore, sweet love! whilst it is prime,  
For none can call again the passed time.

Wordsworth has spoken of the sonnet in our motto as "the key with which Shakespeare unlocked his heart." He alludes to what has been made clearly out within the last few years, that, in his long series of sonnets, the wondrous bard of Avon gave a revelation of his inmost feelings, first, respecting some unhappy passion, and secondly, respecting his position in society, as a despised player and furnisher of dramatic pieces for his own stage. Shakespeare's sonnets are the meanings of a most noble nature, at issue with fortune and the common run of the world's feelings.

Alas, 'tis true, I have gone here and there,  
And made myself a motley to the view,  
Gerd mine own thoughts, sold cheap what is most dear,  
Made old offences of affections new.  
Most true it is, that I have look'd on truth  
Askance and strangely; but, by all above,  
These blenches gave my heart another youth,  
And worse essays prov'd than my best of love.  
Now all is done, save what shall have no end:  
Mine appetite I never more will grind  
On newer proof, to try an older friend,  
A God in love, to whom I am confin'd.  
Then give me welcome, next my heaven the best,  
E'en to thy pure and most most loving breast.  
No longer mourn for me when I am dead,  
Than you shall hear the surly sullen bell  
Give warning to the world that I am fled  
From this vile world, with vilest worms to dwell:  
Nay, if you read this line, remember not  
The hand that writ it: for I love you so,  
That I in your sweet thoughts would be forgot,  
If thinking on me then should make you woe.  
O if (I say) you look upon this verse,  
When I perhaps compounded am with clay,  
Do not so much as my poor name rehearse,  
But let your love en with my life decay:  
Lest the wise world should look into your moan,  
And mock you with me after I am gone.  
Oh, lest the world should task you to recite  
What merit liv'd in me, that you should love  
After my death, dear love, forget me quite,  
For you in me can nothing worthy prove:  
Unless you would devise some virtuous lie,  
To more than mine own merit desert,  
And hang more praise upon deceased I,  
Than niggard truth would willingly impart:  
Oh, lest your true love may seem false in this,  
That you for love speak well of me untrue,  
My name be buried where my body is,  
And live no more to shame nor me nor you.  
For I am 'sham'd' by that which I bring forth,  
And so should you, to love things nothing worth.  
That time of year thou may'st in me behold  
When yellow leaves, or none, or few do hang  
Upon those boughs which shake against the cold,  
Bare ruin'd choirs, where late the sweet birds sang.  
In me thou seest the twilight of such day,  
As after sun-set fadeth in the west,  
Which by and by black night doth take away,  
Death's second self, that seals up all in rest.  
In me thou seest the glowing of such fire,  
That on the ashes of his youth doth lie,  
As the death-bed whereon it must expire,  
Consum'd with that which it was nourish'd by.  
This thou perceiv'st, which makes thy love more strong,  
To love that well which thou must leave ere long.

One more beautiful specimen, less composed of personal feeling:—

Oh, how much more doth beautyauteous seem,  
By that sweet ornament which truth doth give!  
The rose looks fair, but fairer we it deem  
For that sweet odour which doth in it live.  
The canker-blooms have full as deep a dye  
As the perfum'd tincture of the roses,  
Hang on such thorns and play as wantonly  
When summer's breath their masked buds discloses:  
But for their virtue only is their show,  
They live unwood'd and unexpect'd fade;

\* Match, or lover.

Die to themselves. Sweet roses do not so;  
Of their sweet deaths are sweetest odours made:  
And so of you, beauteous and lovely youth,  
When that shall fade, my verse distils your truth.

William Drummond, the Scottish contemporary and friend of Shakspeare, has left us many sonnets, conceived in a style of refined sentiment, and constructed in the most approved form of this kind of composition. With two specimens we complete the present section of our paper:—

Sleep, silence, child, sweet father of soft rest,  
Prince whose approach peace to all mortals brings,  
Indifferent host to shepherds and to kings,  
Sole comforter of minds which are oppress;  
Lo, by thy charming rod all breathing things  
Lie slumbering, with forgetfulness possess'd,  
And yet o'er me to spread thy drowsy wings  
Thou spar'st (alas!) who cannot be thy guest.  
Since I am thine, O come, but with that face  
To inward light which thou art wont to show,  
With fain'd solace cease a true-felt woe;  
Or if, deaf god, thou do deny that grace,  
Come as thou wilt, and what thou wilt bequeath:  
I long to kiss the image of my death.

#### DRUMMOND TO HIS LUTE.

My lute, be as thou wert when thou didst grow  
With thy green mother in some shady grove,  
When immelodious winds but made thee move,  
And birds their ramage\* did on thee bestow.  
Since that dear voice which did thy sounds approve,  
Which went in such harmonious strains to flow,  
Is left from earth to tune the spheres above,  
What art thou then but a harbing' of woe?  
Thy pleasing notes be pleasing notes no more,  
But orphan wailings to the fainting ear,  
Each stroke a sigh, each sound draws forth a tear,  
For which be silent as in woods before:  
Or if that any hand to touch thee deign,  
Like widow'd turtle still her loss complain.

#### SKETCHES OF SUPERSTITIONS.

GREEK SUPERSTITIONS CONCLUDED—HOUSEHOLD GODS—ÆSCULAPIAN MYSTERIES—THE SORTES.

It will have been observed from the preceding sketches, that neither the Greeks nor Romans, two of the most refined nations of antiquity, had any just idea of the operations or works of nature, as arising from a train of immutable laws established and supported by an all-wise Providence for the government of the universe. In this respect they stood exactly on a parallel with those uneducated persons of the present day who believe that the winds can be raised by incantation, and that bodily illnesses are an effect of the evil eye. The Greeks and Romans, however, excelled the ignorant of modern times in their delusions, for they had formed a regular code of superstition, which was applicable to every circumstance, event, or condition, either in nature or art. Never, perhaps, was there such a laboured and complex mass of superstition, never such a complete bewilderment of the human faculties, as that which latterly existed in Rome, and all to account for what could be explained by an appeal to the most simple laws of nature.

In those days of mental hallucination, occupying many centuries of the world's history, the human being was handed over from deity to deity from the moment he came into life, and before he had seen the light, till he was at last consigned to the grave or the funeral pile. According to the improved and extended mythology of the Romans, Deverra presided over his destiny before birth, Janus and Ops helped him into the world, Egeria took care of the mother while in labour, Lucina watched over his cradle, Vegetanus had the charge of him when he cried, Rumina was his guardian when he sucked, Edura presided over his food, and Stelinus instructed him in walking. As he grew in stature, he came successively under the charge of gods and goddesses who watched over his youth and manhood. When he married, both he and his bride became the peculiar charge of five different deities. And when he died, his funeral was duly presided over by Libitina, the deity of burial ceremonies. Besides all this, every meal in the day, every kind of apparel, every transaction of business or amusement, every distinct part of the body had its tutelary deity, on whom the blame fell if any thing was amiss. The enormity of the superstition is overpowering; yet all that we have related as respects the belief in ideal gods, oracles, dreamers, sacrifices, omens from birds and entrails of beasts, also omens from natural phenomena, formed scarcely a moiety of the superstitious delusions of this ancient people.

Their belief in omens and divination of future events seems to have been absolutely boundless. Any perturbation of mind was supposed to be ominous of evil, but the evil was greatly aggravated if a number of persons at the same time felt an unaccountable emotion of dread. When such was the case, the fears were ascribed to the wicked influence of the god Pan, and hence the common phrase *panic*, or *panic fears*. A dread of approaching evil was also felt if the left eyelid quivered, or the left ear rang; the quivering of the right eyelid, or ringing of the right ear, portended good. The latter is a superstition which has come down to our own day. Moles or other marks on the person meant something of importance, and were carefully noted. All kinds of internal pains or emotions were likewise the subject of superstitious dread, and a book was written to explain the precise extent of evil of which they were the premonitory warnings. No sudden involuntary motion in body or mind was so much the object of remark as sneezing.

Both Greeks and Romans of the highest rank paid extraordinary attention to sneezing. A sneeze was accounted fortunate or unfortunate, according to the manner or period in which it occurred. When Xenophon was persuading his soldiers to encounter the enemy, some one sneezed, and it was accounted so dangerous an omen, that public prayers were appointed to expiate it. To sneeze between midnight and the following noon was lucky, but to sneeze between noon and midnight was unlucky. Aristotle talks very gravely on the difference between sneezing during these two periods of the day. If, in undertaking any business, two or four sneezes happened, it was a lucky omen, and gave encouragement to proceed; if more than four, the omen was neither good nor bad; if one or three, it was unlucky. If two persons were deliberating about any business, and both of them chanced to sneeze together, the omen was prosperous.\*

The falling of any object in the temples, the slamming of doors, the cracking of furniture, unexpected gusts of wind or deluges, a black dog coming into a house, the appearing of a snake on the house top, the spilling of salt, water, honey, or wine, a sudden silence, the putting on of the left side of the garment first, were all unlucky omens. Augustus Caesar one day put on his left shoe first, and a mutiny of his soldiers immediately after broke out; of course the mutiny was foretold by the omen, or was a consequence of it. To use certain words by accident was ominous. It was lucky to begin undertakings and speeches with the name of Jupiter, or some other god. Xenophon recommends this practice. There were also lucky and unlucky days, and some days were lucky for one kind of business, but not for another. Augustus Caesar, who is usually called the greatest of the Roman emperors, and in whose time learning was at its climax, would not perform certain duties on particular days, in this respect not being more intelligent than the most ignorant peasant of the present age. It was no uncommon thing to postpone an important public meeting because a weasel or a mouse was seen to cross the path. Thus, the fisherman in our own day, who will not put to sea because he has met a woman with a pair of particularly broad thumbs, is not more justly a subject of ridicule than the grave legislators of Athens eighteen hundred years ago.

All bodily ailments, as will naturally be supposed, were ascribed by the Greeks to the malignity of some of the presiding deities; the idea of an illness being caused by physical derangement was totally out of the question. Being in this manner made ill by a god, it was presumed they could get well only by appealing to another god, who would beat the enemy from his position. Æsculapius was generally esteemed the god of healing, or of medicine, and was appealed to on most occasions of illness. According to the Greek writers, Æsculapius was the son of Apollo, and studied medicine under a supernatural instructor in the form of a centaur; being very successful in his cures, Pluto became alarmed for the diminution of his customers in the nether regions, and complaining to Jupiter, the doctor was killed by a thunderbolt. Such is the fable told by the Greeks of Æsculapius and his genealogy. The true source of the Æsculapian superstition was in Egypt, where a symbol, consisting of the figure of a man, with a dog's head, carrying a pole with serpents twisted round it, was periodically exhibited to mark the recession of the Nile. This symbol of preservation was called *Æsclepeh*, from *Æsh* signifying man, and *calph* dog, and hence the sonorous Greek term *Æsculapius*. The Æsculapius of the Grecian mythology was ministered to by a numerous body of priests, who offered sacrifices to him in his temples, and communicated his prescriptions for medicines and modes of cure to the attending worshippers. These priests, according to all accounts, were a set of worthless impostors. They pretended that Æsculapius only made known his prescriptions through the medium of dreams, or visions, and that to enjoy these oracular communications, it was necessary to pass the night, or even several nights and days at a time, in perfect darkness, in one of the chambers of the temple. Those who were disinclined to perform this trying ceremony, employed the priests to dream and receive responses for them, and paid them accordingly for their trouble. Crowds of sick persons repaired to the great temple of Æsculapius at Epidaurus, and to another at Cos, to seek relief in these ridiculous mummeries; and as the priests were able to work successfully on their imaginations, or to prescribe the use of some suitable kind of medicine for their ailments, the number of cures performed at both places was very great. With the hope of bespeaking the favour of the oracle, the afflicted brought votive offerings of great value, which were hung on the walls round the altar, and there remained a certain length of time before they became the perquisite of the officiating priests. The pillars, likewise, were inscribed with narrations of the wonderful cures which had been already performed, accompanied with the oracularly delivered prescriptions of the god. A few of these votive tablets, discovered amidst the ruins of fallen edifices, have come down to the present day. We copy the four following from the work of an intelligent author:†

1. "In these latter days, a certain blind man, by name Caius, had this oracle vouchsafed to him—'that

\* Potter's *Archæologia Græca*, to which we are indebted for a number of particulars in these articles.

† *Thaumaturgia*, or *Elucidations of the Marvellous*; by an Oxonian. London, Churton, 1833.

\* Warbling, from *Ramage*, French.

he should draw near to the altar after the manner of one who could see; then walk from right to left, lay the five fingers of his right hand on the altar, then raise up his hand and place it on his eyes." And behold! the multitude saw the blind man open his eyes, and they rejoiced that such splendid miracles should signalise the reign of our Emperor Antoninus."

2. "To Lucius, who was so wasted away by pains in his side, that all doubted of his recovery, the god gave this response:—'Approach thou the altar; take ashes from it, mix them up with wine, and then lay thyself on thy sore side.' And the man recovered, and openly returned thanks to the god, amidst the congratulations of the people."

3. "To Julian, who spitted blood, and was given over by every one, the god granted this response:—'Draw near, take pine-apples from off the altar, and eat them with wine for three days.' And the man got well, and came and gave thanks in the presence of the people."

4. "A blind soldier, Valerius Asper by name, received this answer from the god:—that he should mix the blood of a white cock with milk, make an eye ointment therewith, and rub his eyes with it for three days.' And lo! the blind recovered his sight, and came, and publicly gave thanks to the god."

The magistrates of Greece and Rome sanctioned and applauded these absurdities. We do not read of a single philosopher, or man of learning, condemning them. Socrates, who was unquestionably the most enlightened moralist of his time, requested at his death that a cock should be sacrificed to Æsculapius. When we find so great a man sanctioning by his express orders such a gross superstition, we can easily conceive how widely the delusion was spread among the people.

A belief in the magical powers of amulets formed a superstition nearly allied to that of the Æsculapian mysteries, and had been imported into Greece from Egypt and Persia, two countries fertile in occult science. Certain herbs were supposed to possess the power of charms, and were hung round the neck or concealed in some ornament about the person, for the purpose of repelling contagion, or curing malignant maladies. Small pieces of bone, made into rings and other articles, were believed to have a similar magical effect. This delusive reverence for amulets or talismans, will, however, form the subject of a separate article, and we therefore pass on to the consideration of a superstition fully more peculiar to the Greeks and Romans, namely, that of divination by *sortes*, or lots. The practice of casting lots, to determine intricate questions, was of remote antiquity, having been in use in the oldest eastern nations before it made its appearance in Greece. The divination was performed in many different ways. One consisted in erecting two sticks on the ground, and determining the question by the direction, left or right, in which they fell. This ancient practice, which resembled our tossing of a halfpenny, was resorted to by the Israelites, who, for it, and other follies, were justly reprov'd: "My people ask counsel of their stocks, and their staff declareth unto them."—Hosea, iv. 12. Among both the Greeks and Romans, lots were cast by dice or by inscribed pebbles, but more commonly by verses, which were drawn from a jug, or by the chance opening of a poem. Appeals to Homer, or the *Sortes Homericæ*, formed the more respectable mode of divination by lot. The *Iliad* was opened, and the first lines to which the eye was directed, told the fortune or answered the desire of the questioner. Virgil was the accredited Roman oracle for this kind of divination. Sometimes single letters or words were written, and put into an urn; after being well shaken, they were poured out on the ground, and any sentences that could be made from the promiscuous heap, were believed to be oracular or prophetic; this was called the *Sortes Prencinæ*. Another kind of *sortes* consisted in rushing along the street with a handful of verses on small tablets, and bidding the first boy that was met with to draw one; if the tablet or scrap so drawn contained words agreeing with the previous conception half formed in the mind, it was taken as an infallible advice or prophecy, and followed accordingly. The early Christians were not exempted from these vain delusions. In matters of difficulty and doubt, they dipped their hand into the sacred books, or into the Psalter, and sought for direction and assistance according to the principle pursued in the *Sortes Virgilianæ*. St Augustine, in his epistle to Januarius, sanctions the practice, if performed for spiritual ends. The superstition survived the middle ages, and was in some degree fashionable and in force in the seventeenth century, when all other appeals of a magical nature had been given up as unwarrantable. The occasional truthfulness of the responses helped to sustain the credit of the superstition. A striking instance of random truth in one of these prophetic *sortes* occurred to Charles I. Having in the course of his troubles retired to Oxford, he was taken one day by Lord Falkland to see the public library, and was there shown among other books a Virgil finely printed and exquisitely bound. Lord Falkland, to amuse the king, proposed that he should make trial of his fortune by the *Sortes Virgilianæ*. Charles consented, and opening the book, the passage that struck his eye was that part of Dido's imprecation against Æneas:—

"Oppress'd with numbers in the unequal field,  
His men discouraged, and himself expell'd;  
Let him for succour sue from place to place;  
Torn from his subjects and his son's embrace."

The king being somewhat concerned at this untoward prophecy, his companion, to relieve his mind, and hoping to fall on some passage bearing no allusion to either his own or his master's condition, opened the book, and the following passage was disclosed:—

"O Pallas! thou hast fail'd thy plighted word.  
To fight with caution, not to tempt the sword,  
I warn'd thee, but in vain: for well I knew  
What perils youthful ardour would pursue;  
That boiling blood would carry thee too far;  
Young as thou wert in dangers, and to war.  
O curse essay of arms, disastrous doom,  
Prelude of bloody fields, and fights to come!"

This unfortunate attempt at fortune-telling disconcerted both Charles and his attendant, and was remembered afterwards, when Falkland fell at the battle of Newberry, and the king had perished on the scaffold. Had the fate of both been otherwise, we should, of course, never have heard of the prophecy.

Prying into futurity by either the *Sortes Virgilianæ* or *Sortes Biblicæ*, is now, we believe, unknown. The superstition is extinct. We have, it is true, seen the Bible opened for the profane purpose of telling a fortune, but with no serious dependence on the result; and the practice being now utterly exploded, is not likely ever again to come into vogue.

#### WOMEN IN AMERICA.

In the North American states, women occupy a position in society very different from that which females of any class are accustomed to in this country. Among us, women are treated with delicacy and consideration, but always as if they were rational beings; they are neither depressed to the condition of inferiors, nor exalted to that of goddesses: besides, for the attentions and general respect shown towards them, it is expected that they will act with considerate politeness in return, so that by their affability and agreeableness of manners they may command the esteem as well as the admiration of all who approach them.

In America, the position of women, as we say, is entirely different. There, they seem to be viewed as a kind of superior beings—something more than mortal. All their caprices must be listened to with deference, all their whims satisfied, even though among strangers, and for all the attentions shown towards them, it is not expected that they should offer any thanks or show any condescension in return. American women are, in fact, spoiled children; they can do as they like, and the men are their slaves. This remarkable condition of things is noticed by almost every traveller. Mr Grund, in his late work, "Aristocracy in America," thus speaks of it.

"American ladies occupy, from mere courtesy, a rank in society which is not only opposed to that which they hold in private life and in their own families, but which is actually incompatible with the exercise of discretion on the part of the gentlemen. 'The ladies must be waited upon;' 'the ladies must be helped;' 'the ladies must be put into the carriage;' 'the ladies must be taken out of the carriage;' 'the ladies must have their shoe-strings tied;' 'the ladies must have their India-rubber shoes put on;' 'the ladies must be wrapped up in shawls;' 'the ladies must be led up stairs and down stairs;' 'the ladies must have their candles lit for them when they go to bed.' On every occasion they are treated as poor helpless creatures, who rather excite the pity than the admiration of men; and as the services they require are numerous, just in proportion to the scarcity of hired servants, the gentlemen are obliged to officiate in their stead."

"The American gentlemen," he continues, "approach women with the most indubitable consciousness of their own inferiority, and, either from modesty or prudence, seldom open their lips except to affirm what has been said by the ladies. One is always reminded of poor Candide's honest prayer, '*Hélas! madame: je répondrai comme vous voudrez*' [Alas, ma'am, I will answer just as you wish]. I have seen one of the most distinguished old gentlemen in the United States, one who held the highest rank in the gift of the American people, and whose learning and knowledge on most subjects rendered him a most pleasing and entertaining companion of men, betray a little self-possession in the presence of women as if he had been making his *début* in society, and this too in the house of one of his most intimate friends."

This excessive awkwardness in the men, to which even the most distinguished of the race make no exception, must be owing to something radically wrong in the composition of American society, which places men as well as women in a false position. The conviction of this fact must force itself on the mind of every impartial observer who has had an opportunity of making himself familiar with the customs and manners of the higher classes. There appears to be a singular mixture of respect and want of sincerity on the part of the men with regard to the women, produced, I believe, by the unnatural position which the latter hold wherever they are brought into contact with the former."

Miss Sedgwick notices this remarkable trait in the position and manners of her countrywomen. In one of her late productions, "Means and Ends," she makes the following observations:—"The most striking and prevailing defect in the manners of Americans is, I believe, a want of courtesy. This has probably arisen from the general equality of rights, condition, and education. And it arises in part from that *mauvaise honte*, or shyness, characteristic of our English ancestors, from whom we inherit it. A little reflection and moral cul-

tivation would soon remedy this defect. What do I mean by *courtesy*, and how is the want of it shown, do you ask? A few winters since, a well-bred young foreigner came to the interior, and took lodgings at a village inn, for the purpose of learning the English language. To facilitate its acquisition, he generally preferred remaining in the receiving-room of the tavern, where travellers were passing in and out. His writing-table was placed before the fire. When the women came shivering in from a long, dreary drive in the stage-coach, he moved his table to the coldest corner of the room, mended the fire, drew chairs near it, and, if they brought in foot-stoves or blocks, he found the best place to heat them. He then returned to his own uncomfortable seat, and pursued his writing or reading.

The women profited by his civilities, without appearing to notice them. During the whole winter he never received one word of acknowledgment—not one 'Thank you, sir,' or, 'You are very kind, sir,' or, what would have seemed inevitable, 'Pray, don't take that cold seat, sir.' What was the polished stranger's inference? Certainly, that the Americans were a most discourteous, if not a cold-hearted people.

Cold-hearted they are not. These women were probably generally impressed with the young man's attentions—one of them, I know, in relating her travelling experience at her own fire-side at night, said, she 'never should forget a young man at the tavern in S—.' She thought she should have died with the cold before she got there; and when she went in, he moved away from the fire, and gave her the rocking-chair—hung her cloak over the back of another, and warmed her block for her, and did everything just as if he had been her own son! And yet this good woman had not indicated in her manners to the young man that she even saw him. Here there was no expression of the real feeling, no *courtesy*.

I have often seen men in steam-boats, in stage-coaches, in churches, and other public meetings, rise and give their seats to women, and the women seat themselves quietly, without a look or word of acknowledgment. And so with a thousand other attentions which are rendered, and are received without any return. Avoid such discourtesy, my young friends—it is not only displeasing, but unjust. We actually owe some return for such civilities, and a courteous acceptance is, in most cases, the only one that can be made. These little chance courtesies are smiles on the face of manners, and smiles are like sunshine—we can scarcely have too much of either."

#### STAGE-COACH JOURNEY TO THE TOURNAMENT.

[The following is from a lively account of the Eglinton tournament, in the November number of *Tait's Magazine*. It seems to us creditable to this work, considering the well-known severity of its politics, that it should take a pleasant view of the late beautiful and most interesting spectacle presented in Ayrshire, when so many other very wise journalists have seen fit to treat it with ridicule.]

"We left our home, with a merry friend, one fine morning, a few days previous to that fixed for the commencement of the tournament, in order to take our departure by the coach. Arriving at the office in Prince's Street a little before the hour at which it should have started, we were astonished at the immense pile of luggage which we saw heaped on the street, in order to be packed upon the carriage. When Mr Croal, the coach proprietor, came up, he was so much appalled by the sight, that, apologising for the delay which he must inevitably occasion, he informed us that he must send back the coach to the yard, and get out a stronger one, that might be more certainly able to bear such a load without risk of breaking down. When this more potent vehicle arrived, any impatience that might have been excited in us by the delay, was subdued by the interest which we could not help taking in the ingenuity which the coachman and his assistants displayed in packing and piling the various articles in and upon it; till I, and my companion, and two officers of our acquaintance, who had all of us placed ourselves comfortably on the hinder seats, could no longer see those in front, even when we stood up to try to do so. We felt some comfort in thinking that the superior construction of coaches, now-a-days, admits of this being done with more safety than was formerly the case. Besides all the ordinary kinds of trunks, portmanteaus, band-boxes, and carpet-bags, which are usually attendant upon a coach full of passengers inside and outside, there were innumerable white deal boxes of all manner of shapes and sizes. Most of these were ingeniously suspended like sausages, on strings all round the carriage; and, to crown all, on the very top was perched a wicker cage, containing a great, long-legged, large-bodied, awkward-looking pair of Chittagong fowls, belonging to a curried Indian, who had a seat in the interior. The cock not only seemed to know that he was going to the tournament, as well as other people, but to think that he was to be triumphant there; for, much to the amusement of all who beheld him, and especially to the great entertainment of the idlers who were looking on in the street, he crowed away so loudly that he brought some of the sleepy citizens of Prince's Street, in their nightcaps, from their beds to their windows, to wonder at so unwonted a summons. Such was the appearance of the coach after its packing was completed, that no one could have well guessed that it really was any such four-wheeled vehicle, if he had seen it creeping along the road thus burdened and smothered up."

At length we found ourselves in motion, and we began to beguile the way with chat and cigars. Our facetious

friend, who had lately lost two valuable silk umbrellas, by their having been stolen from him one after the other, had been just boasting to us of a brand new cotton one which he had bought, on the principle that no one would think any thing so common worth the purloining. This umbrella he had laid down on the uppermost box of a string of those that hung behind the back seat, and were thus most marvellously built downwards, till they nearly touched the road. As we were journeying on, one of the officers began to sniff up his nose, and to wonder where the smell of burning and of smoke was proceeding from. We all became immediately sensible of it. The alarm spread among us, when, suddenly, the other officer, who sat with his face to the rear, roared out to our friend, "Good heavens, sir, your umbrella is on fire!" and there, to be sure, it was, blazing up like a volcano, not only to the manifest peril of the box on which it lay, and on which the fire had already caught hold, but of all the boxes of the string, yea, even to the risk of the coach itself. The confusion and the bustle amongst us of the rearward of the coach, to get the fire extinguished, was indescribable. One gentleman, who we believe to have been a ballie of a town, or in some way connected with the police, began to vociferate for the fire-engines; whilst another, who, we have reason to think, was a reporter, took out his pen, paper, and ink-horn, and began, with the philosophy of a stoic, to note down the circumstances attending the progress of the conflagration, altogether forgetful that, if it went on, he and his record must perish together. The fowls, who looked down upon us, fluttered and screamed, and more than one of us shouted; but the intervening pile of luggage on the roof, which left us as "*Britannos toto orbe divisos*," together with the noise of the coach, shut out both the scene and the cries from those who were sitting in front, unconscious of our danger. At last, after various ineffectual attempts to extinguish the flames, our friend bethought himself of rubbing the blazing umbrella against the wet wheel; and he thus most fortunately succeeded in subduing the conflagration, but not until the deal box on which the umbrella had lain had been nearly burned through, nor until each section of the parapluie itself displayed a huge square window between the whalebone spars, that gave it the most ludicrous effect. After thanking our stars that we had not been all consumed, and thinking how much surprise the coachman, and those with him, would have manifested on arriving at the next stage, if they had found that the tail of the coach, and all upon it, had been burned off, we began to inquire into the cause, and found that the accident must have been owing to a stray piece of ignited German tinder having found its way into the folds of the umbrella. The adventure, then, furnished us with much merriment at the expense of our friend's parapluie; and when an occasional shower compelled him to hoist the uncouth-looking instrument, it furnished no less entertainment to the population of the different villages we passed through, where every one had turned out to look at the various coaches and carriages that were, even thus long before the day fixed, passing through, laden with guests bound to the tournament.

We had no sooner got fairly into Ayrshire, than we became much interested in the many pretty young persons whom we found anxiously waiting by the wayside for the coming up of the coach. We do not mean those nice-looking servant-girls who are generally pretty numerous planted at the different hedge inns and half-way houses, who come out, conscious of the power of their own charms, with what we call in Scotland—and our Scottish poet, Allan Ramsay, too, calls—"a thievish errand," that is, *Anglicè*, a pretended errand, to inquire for some parcel, which "the mistress," either truly or falsely, did or did not expect; and all this for the purpose of having a leer or a joke with the coachman, or with any pleasant fellow of an outside who may be disposed to enjoy a fractional part of half a minute's small flirtation with her. No! We mean something very different from all this: we mean handsome, well-dressed young ladies, married and spinsters, who, *all along* of the tournament, were found by the wayside—some on foot, and others in carriages—some attended by husbands, some by fathers, and some by brothers—and who were anxiously waiting at the lodge or gate of every gentleman's seat we passed, and at the embouchures of many of the bye-roads which led to gentlemen's seats, and who all of them opened in succession, as the coach drove up towards them, in eager and clamorous inquiries after their boxes.

"Oh, coachman! coachman! have you a box from Mr Blackwood's for me?" cried one.

"Coachman! coachman! my box from Madame Meyer!" cried another.

"Haven't you a box from Madame Dery for me?" modestly vociferated a third.

"You've got a box from Macleannan and Sproat, have you not?" shouted another.

"Mademoiselle Cercleiron's box, addressed to me, coachman," authoritatively demanded another.

"A box from Miss Wotherpoon for the two Misses —?" I'm sure you have it, coachman," lisped out two sisters at once, each with a great emphasis on the word *sure*; whilst the brother, a manifest dandy, twirled a pair of mustachios, and said, "I say, coachee, have the goodness to hand down my box from the Albion Cloth Company—it is of the last importance."

"No sitch boxes here!" replied coachee.

The exclamations of the two ladies and the gentleman being in soprano, contre-alto, and a sort of a kind of bass, made what musiciens would call a splendid crash. It is beyond the power of mere types, without the aid of musical notes, to give any idea of it. But before we could well catch the tune, coachee was off. The coach appeared to us to be a sort of lottery-wheel, so far as these good people were concerned; some were sent home from it filled with wretched disappointment and despair, and we imagined the dreadful night they were doomed to spend; whilst others, who had all the luck, were rendered supremely blessed by the arrival of their boxes, and could so little contain their joy, that they clapped their hands, and danced upon the very road; and we

thought that we saw among them some, whose impatience seemed to be so great, that we doubted not they would stop, ere they were half way up the avenue, to open the precious box, that they might have one peep, *en passant*, at the splendid fancy dress which it contained.

#### PROCESS OF EARTHENWARE MANUFACTURE.\*

CURIOUS and attractive as are many of our manual arts, there is none that has delighted us more than this. Without stopping to consider the various steps and discoveries by which potting has arrived at its present degree of excellence, let us take a hasty view of the manner in which a lump of clay becomes an elegant and a valuable piece of porcelain. Chemistry has done much: unwearied activity, untiring ambition, unsleeping desire of gain, unquenchable thirst of discovery, and love of art, have done more; lucky accident has had its share of co-operation; experience, enterprise, accumulating capital, have added their force; and skilful division of employment has crowned all, and made the creation of even a tea-saucer a process of beauty and a work of social pleasure. The walk through a china-factory is like the walk through a well-organised school. In every room is going on the peculiar task of that room; and all, as under the surveillance of one presiding mind, are co-operating harmoniously to one end. There is nothing which pleases us so much in this manufacture as its cleanliness, and apparent healthiness. Deleterious articles, unquestionably, are extensively employed; but, judging from the appearance of the workmen, they do not seem, in the mode in which they are applied, to produce much harmful consequence. The very men who work in the clay in its most early stages seem merely smeared with a little flour, and all the stages thenceforward are comparatively clean. There is an air of ease and comfort in the whole process, and a freshness of atmosphere so different from that of a cotton factory, that make it very agreeable to notice. It is cheering, too, to see so many boys and young women employed, especially the latter, for whom suitable occupation is, in general, so great a need. But from these general advantages let us pass to one particular object.

To witness the very beginning of the process of potting, we should go to the flint-mills and rooms for preparing the clays. Here the principal materials for the body or paste of which the earthenware is made, are calcined and broken down as may be required, and ground in water into the finest creamy smoothness; the whole is made to pass through the finest wire, lawn, and silk sieves, and the required ingredients and proportions are then mixed by the potter according to his taste or skill. In the knowledge and manipulation of these prime ingredients, of course, exists the relative success of the potter. We need not particularise these ingredients; the principal of them are flint, and a fine kind of clay, as well as cawk (sulphate of barytes), a heavy stone found in the Derbyshire hills, bones, gritstone, felspar, &c. These are, more or less, used according to the particular kind of ware required; and it is a singular fact, that with the exception of grit and some clays, scarcely one of the principal substances is found in this district. The chief clays come from Dorsetshire, Cornwall, and Devon, flints from the southern counties, &c. The grand requisites which appear to have fixed the manufacture to this district, are the abundance of coal, and the marl of which the saggars, or cases, are made. This marl is a dirty-looking substance, which you see dug up and lying about, to expose it to the weather, from which it derives great advantage; and without these saggars, or safeguards, there could be no good potting, for their office is so far to resist the action of the fire, and the action of the chemical agents which they have to contain, as to prevent the fracture and the fusion of the pottery.

The composition for the paste or body of the earthenware being then prepared in a liquid state, it is put into the slip-kiln, and boiled down to the proper consistency. Formerly this was done in the open air, in what were called sun-kilns, a sort of open reservoir lined with flags, in which the clay was well agitated, or *blunged*, as the potters called it, with water put through a sieve, and suffered to run into a kind of vat, where it was gradually evaporated by the sun to the proper consistency. Some of these sun-kilns may yet be seen in potteries of coarse earthenware; but the slip-kilns now in general use are a sort of oblong troughs with fire-tile bottoms, under which a flue passes, and its flame rapidly evaporates the mixture, which, being carefully stirred, is soon reduced to the consistency of dough. This dough, like the dough for bread, is then made to pass through a certain fermentation. This is effected by laying it in lumps for some months in a damp cellar, when it is taken out and kneaded, pulled, or passed through a machine to reduce it to the closest and most perfect consistency. It is trodden down by naked feet, and finally sloped, slabbled, and slapped. It is sloped, because it is cut with a wire into slopes or wedges, which are banged one on another; it is slabbled, because it is banged down upon a slab; and it is slapped, because a great part of the operation consists in slapping with the open hand.

Here, then, you see men and boys, each with a great lump of clay, which he lifts up and bangs down with great force on a slab, generally of plaster. He then, with a wire, cuts it in two, and lifting up one part, throws it down fiercely on the other; he then slaps it all over with his hands, takes up the whole again, and dashes it down again; cuts it, slaps, and so torments it, for a long time, ever and anon scooping a little out of it with his finger-end to see if it will do. This sloping, slapping, or slabbing, is to render the dough thoroughly compact; for if any little bubbles of air remained in it, the ware would in the furnace blister and be ruined.

When these lumps of dough are thoroughly slabbled, they are ready for the *thrower*, and are cut into pieces proportioned to the size of the articles he is about to make. He takes one of these pieces, and dabs it down upon what is called the wheel-block, being a block of wood fastened on the top of a perpendicular spindle, which being turned by means of a band and a large wheel, much in the way, no doubt, of the potter's wheel mentioned in the Bible, the lump of clay spins round. The man seats himself astride of a bench close beside it, and moulding the ductile clay with his hands, which he now and then dips in water near him, it resolves itself, as by magic, into the shape required—a plate, a cup, a saucer, or a jug. It is evident that the article thus produced can only be round and plain. If it is to be of an oval or a varied shape, it cannot be made on the wheel; it must be made in a mould. The *thrower* cuts off the vessel from the block with a fine hop wire, and it is carried away to the drying stove. Here it is dried till it acquires what the potters term the *green state*, a state of particular toughness; and then it is taken to the *turner*. Enter the next room. There are the *turners* working away in a row at their lathes. The lathe resembles the thrower's machine to the general eye; it has the vertical block on which to fix the vessel, and the wheel. Boys, or women, turn the wheels, and the turners, fixing the vessels to the blocks by means of a little of the liquid called *slip*, turn them with iron tools, just as turners turn articles of wood or iron. But these vessels have got neither spouts, handles, nor knobs, on their lids. To get these, they are sent into another room to the *stonkers*, or *furnishers*, persons who furnish handles by forcing the clay paste by a sort of press through a hole, from which it descends in a long soft stick. This stick is cut into lengths, and bent into handles, or pressed in moulds to the required shape. Spouts, knobs, raised ornaments, &c., are similarly made, and stuck upon the vessels with *slip*, smoothing the joints with a wet sponge. These *stonkers*, or *furnishers*, having dismissed the articles in a completed state, they are carried to the stove-room, where they are dried to the degree necessary before going into the kiln.

But before we proceed to the kiln, we must have a look at the *pressers*, the *casters*, and the *stilt-makers*. We have seen that all articles of oblong and cuped forms, such as dishes, jugs of particular patterns, vases of fancy shapes, ornaments, &c. &c., cannot be *thrown* and *turned*; they must be made in moulds. These moulds are made of plaster of Paris. These moulds are in two parts. To make a dish, a piece of paste is rolled out as a cook would roll out her paste for a pie-crust. It is laid upon one half of the mould, which is to form the concave side or face of the dish, and the other half, which forms the back of the dish, is pressed upon it. The upper half of the mould being then removed, the work is smoothed with a wet sponge, and the other half of the mould removed also; and the face being likewise smoothed with the sponge, the dish is carried to the drying stove. Some dishes, however, are formed by laying the rolled-out paste on the half of the mould for the front, and working down the back of the dish with a piece of wood, cut to the proper shape, and called a *profile*. Handles, spouts, knobs, and ornaments, are also formed by moulds; though the latter are more commonly, as well as many vessels altogether, formed by *casting*, that is, by pouring the slip into plaster moulds, which absorb the moisture from a certain quantity of the slip, thereby converting it into a paste of sufficient thickness for the vessel required; the mould is then opened, and the article removed, to be put together by the finishers.

When all these articles are ready for the furnace, they are carefully placed in the saggars. But here it is necessary to have certain little pieces of baked sticks of pottery, called *cocks*, spurs, stilt, and triangles, to place between the articles, to prevent them all adhering together in the furnace, or kiln. These are all prepared ready. As you have gone through the rooms, you have seen women and boys, at a sort of tables, rolling out the clay paste, cutting it with knives into long strips of less than half an inch square, and cutting them again transversely into lengths of a few inches. Some of these they mould in their fingers into triangular sticks with a cocked-up point; others into figures pretty much of the shape of the letter Y; others in cubes; others, again, into triangular lumps, with three downward points, and one upright central one. These are called stilt, triangles, and the last description *cocks*. All these are used to place in the saggars between the different kinds of articles as they are burnt in the kiln. The marks of the *cocks* may be readily seen by any one on the margin of plates and dishes.

Seeing little boys very nimbly mending these *cocks*, I had the curiosity to inquire what they were paid for making them, and was answered, a halfpenny

\* A sequel to the article on "The Potteries" in last number.

a gross! that is, twelve dozens for a halfpenny; at which they would earn sixpence a-day, or three shillings a-week; or, in other words, 1728 for sixpence, 10,368 in the week for three shillings! I remarked that these boys would not build fine houses and factories out of their profits, when a wealthy manufacturer assured me that he was once such a boy, and made cockspurs for still less wages.

The ware being placed in the saggars, the saggars are then piled in the furnace, one on the other, in tall columns, and the joints between the top and bottom of each sagger are daubed up with clay, to keep out any smoke. These furnaces are built under the tall conical sheds called howells, or more commonly hovels; the use of which is to keep off winds and irregular draughts, which would occasion the heat of the furnace to differ on different sides, and so spoil the ware. It is the business of the *firemen* to attend to the baking. The ware when it comes out is as white as snow, and in that state is called *biscuit ware*. This has next to be sorted, the perfect from the imperfect; and another class of operatives, generally young women, with a sort of chisel knock off all roughnesses, bits of adhering stilt, and the marks of the points of the cockspurs. It is then handed over to the printers. The process of printing the earthenware is a very neat and interesting one. The designs are engraved on copper plates. On one of these plates, made hot, the printer spreads his colours, mixed with a strong oil varnish; removes all but what fills the engraved lines with his pallet-knife; cleans his plate as in other copper-plate printing; and lays upon it a kind of tissue-paper, dipped in soap-water. He passes it through his press, takes off the paper, and hands it to a woman. She cuts the paper with scissors, and applies it on the biscuit ware, as the pattern requires, and rubs it down firmly with the end of a roll of flannel. The plate, or other article printed, is, after a certain interval, dipped in water; the paper is removed with a sponge, and the impression wanted remains on the ware. The oily matter from the paint being evaporated, the article is handed over to the dipper, who dips it into a liquid glaze; and it is finally returned to the furnace once more, and comes out with the glaze liquified, and bright and hard as glass.

This, as it regards earthenware, and a great deal of porcelain, is the main process; but the fine specimens of porcelain, after receiving one glaze, pass to the enamellers. These are chiefly young women, whom you find in numbers sitting in their rooms, painting and gilding in all the patterns we see on china. Their colours are metallic oxides mixed with fusible materials, and rendered sufficiently dilute with spirits of turpentine and spirits of tar; and, after passing through the furnace, come out fixed into the body of the glaze, but their substance is easily to be felt in passing the finger over them. They have yet to pass through the hands of the *burnishers*, another set of young women, who, with pieces of bema-tile, or, as more commonly termed, bloodstone, rub over all the gold till it is perfectly bright.

Such are the great and leading processes in the production of our earthenware and china. There are other minute proceedings which tend to its perfection, but which cannot be detailed in a paper of this kind, such as colouring stoneware by the blowing-pot and worming-pot; the tracing of prints upon the glaze instead of under it, and the mode of applying the lustres. It may also be stated that machinery is applied to the preparation of flints and clays; in some factories to the working of the lathes, and in a few instances to the transferring of the prints; but it will be seen that the greater portion of the processes are entirely manual, much to the advantage of this numerous body of operatives. Indeed, for extent of space and population, and for the immense quantity of goods made, there is nothing like the Staffordshire Potteries in Europe; nor, except it may be in China, in the world.

#### A LESSON IN GOOD HUMOUR.

In a number of the New York Mirror for January last, we are presented with a rather clever sketch of a character in real life, Jeremiah Cary by name, who in all his fortunes and misfortunes exhibited the picture of a happy and contented man.

Jerry's countenance was *plinness* to the fullest extent. "Never mind," said Jerry, "I shall not be troubled by the petticoats. My face is my sign." In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, such a conclusion would have been correct, but Jerry was fated to stumble over the solitary exception; inasmuch as a young and rather handsome heiress, forgetting his defects of phiz, and seeing only his contented disposition and intellectual worth, fell in love with him one day, and he, very good-naturedly reciprocating the compliment, married her.

Proceeding home in a carriage from the church where the union had just been performed, the vehicle upset, spilled the bride and bride-maid, and broke a leg of the bridegroom.

It was, especially, *mal-apropos*—to break a limb upon such an occasion, and Jerry had as much reason to repine at the accident as any one, similarly situated, could have, but he bore it with his usual good nature.

"Ah!" said he, one day in the last quarter of his damaged honeymoon, in answer to an expression of regret, endearment, and sympathy, which had escaped his interesting spouse, "tis all for the best, Susy! I desired a little in-door life. Besides, but for this accident, my love, business would not have allowed me so much of

your company. So, ha! ha! upon my word I look upon it as one of the most fortunate events of my life. I do indeed!"

Susan's first child was, unfortunately, born blind. "Not so very unfortunate, after all!" said Jerry. "It might have been worse. Let us thank an omniscient Providence that the dear little fellow is not club-footed. Surgery may perhaps remedy his sight; and if it can't, why—why, after all, the faculty of seeing is so often abused—so often a curse to its possessor! It changed Lot's wife to a lump of salt, you know!"

Such is Jeremiah's philosophy; and for all trials, great or small, he makes it applicable.

His wife broke a pitcher—a costly one.

"Dear me! what a pity!" said she, provoked at her own carelessness.

"Not a whit!" responded Jerry. "I never liked that pitcher. Such an awkward handle! I'll get another."

His chimneys were contrary. There are few who can keep their patience in smoky rooms; Jeremiah, however, after fully ascertaining that with his house the nuisance was incurable, forthwith began to extol the virtues of smoke, and it was not until after he had sold his bacon-making residence, and purchased an abode more conducive to comfort, that he would allow that smoke was not an indispensable necessary to civilised life.

His little blind boy withered and died, like a sunless rose, ere he could lisp "father!" Susan had been a second time a mother, but her love for her first-born burned brightest, for to the pure flame of maternal love was added interest for the darkness which shrouded his vision like a continual night. Even so was the poor boy endeared to the heart of his father. Sad indeed, then, was the ceremony with which the little sufferer was consigned to the grave, where all are blind alike.

They returned to their dwelling. The prattle of the sightless one no longer greeted their foot-fall—all seemed cheerless and desolate to Susan, and sitting down, she hid her face in her hands and wept. The heart of Jeremiah was sad, but not to abandonment, like that of his wife. He opened the Bible given him by his mother on her death-bed, and, drawing his chair near to Susan, read aloud that beautiful chapter wherein our Saviour asks for little children to be brought unto him, "for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

When he had concluded, he closed the book, and clasped the hand of his wife affectionately within his own.

"Susan," said he, and his voice sounded like gentle music in her ears, "let us not murmur. God is just—is merciful. If he had lived, it would only have been to grope through the world. Now he is in heaven, where to all, all is light. Let us deserve to meet him there."

Only a few years afterwards Jeremiah was reduced to comparative poverty. The bulk of his property had been invested in the stock of the bank, which failed, unable to pay a shilling on a dollar. Thus compelled to dispose of his expensive establishment, change his style of living altogether, and, with his wife and four children, take to "short commons," his spirits did not desert him.

Said Jerry, "Never mind!" two words which he never failed to throw at the teeth of every mishap which he encountered; "never mind! I like variety. I'm tired of riding in a carriage. I once broke my leg in one. Walking is an exercise that I need very much. Come, come, this is not so bad an affair after all—it will test the value of my friends. Besides, now, I can earn the bread we eat. Ah! it will be a labour of love, and that enriches the soul! I can almost say that I am glad this accident has happened. I can, indeed!"

Let no one think that our patient friend's philosophy is the apathy of the stoic. It arises from no lack of sensitive and acute feelings, but from a benevolent determination to make the best of every thing. This is the secret of his contentment under a load of mishaps and reverses. Ever striving to render all around him happy, he is a sterling friend; never repining at the decrees of Providence, he is a true Christian.

#### SCENE IN THE MANAGER'S ROOM.

"(A knock at the door:—) 'Come in; what is it?' cried the manager. 'Can you see Mr Fatton?' 'What Mr Fatton?' 'The master of the supernumeraries.' 'Send him in. Now, Fatton, what is the matter? Make haste, for I am busy.' 'Sir, there is a strike with the children in the theatre.' 'So there ought to be, Mr Fatton, if you did your duty properly, and kept a birch rod.' 'Yes, sir; but all their fathers and mothers come on me and threaten to punch my head; now, you know it is not my fault.' 'Well, what is the strike, as you call it?' 'The girls who are to fly in the new ballet won't have the wires affixed to them, unless they are raised to eighteen-pence a-night: their mothers won't let them endanger their lives under that sum! Now, sir, we should be in a great scrape at night, if this were to happen; worse than we were in at the other house, with the boys in the storm.' 'What was that, Fatton?' 'Didn't you hear that, sir? Oh, there were sixty boys, who stood on the stage under a very large canvass, painted to represent the sea. Now, these boys were placed alternately, and were to rise and fall, first gradually, and then violently, to represent the motion of the waves in a storm; and in the first three nights of the piece it had a powerful effect; but after that, the manager reduced the water-rate, that is to say, he lowered the salary of each wave to sixpence per night. The boys took their places under the canvass sea; and when the prompter gave the signal for the storm, the water was stagnant; instead of the ship striking, it was the waves that struck. The sub-manager, in a fury, inquired the cause, when the principal billow said, 'We won't move a peg unless you pay us a shilling a-night, for it wears out our corduroys so.'"

"Well, Fatton, promise the girls the eighteen-pence; but I will be even with them; I will keep them dangling in the sky-borders in a thorough draught all the night. Tell them so."—(Exit Fatton.)—*Heads of the People.*

#### STATE OF THE EGYPTIAN PEOPLE.

We lately presented a playful and pleasing account of Mehemet Ali, the wondrous viceroy of Egypt, from Dr Bowring's "Minor Morals." We need not say how many such notices of Mehemet Ali have appeared of late years in the works of British travellers. If we are to believe a new journal, entitled "The European," of which we have seen an able first number (being a more universal kind of Literary Gazette or Athenaeum, at the price of sixpence), the picture has a different side, which British observers are not apt to see, but which, if generally known, would forbid the utterance of another soft or respectful word respecting this extraordinary ruler. The writer in the European, whose immediate object is to notice some late papers by Prince Pückler Muskau, respecting Egypt, represents himself as one who has seen what he speaks of; and if such be the case, and he be at all a faithful observer, we must say that his statements form one of the most striking portraits of widespread misery as a result of despotic government, which have ever met our eyes. We extract some portions of it:—

"Egypt was never more miserable than at the present moment. . . . Mehemet Ali would give up his game for lost, if his subjects had once a good coat to their backs, a shilling in their pockets, and enough to eat for dinner. He knows how difficult it is for a ruler to press the inhabitants of such a fertile tract as the valley of the Nile, down to the level of the poverty required by a Turkish government, and to keep them from ever emerging from it; and he holds that it is impossible for the most refined and ingenious tax-gatherer to plunder them thoroughly. To a certain extent he is right. Such is the exemplary patience and long sufferance of the Fellahs (the native Egyptians), that even whilst smarting from blows, and languishing, naked and hungry, in a land of fertility and abundance, they will be heard to exclaim, with an expression of hope and confidence, 'Leave us for three years master of the Nile, and we will pay the Miri, and soon be rich again.' Mehemet has an extraordinary source of plunder which is not easily exhausted. Under his predecessors, the Mamelukes, the people, notwithstanding their capricious and unceasing oppression, contrived to amass considerable sums of money, which, according to an old custom, were consigned to the ground, and often not dug up, until, at the death of the possessor, they were dragged to light, divided, and instantly reinterred; on occasion of a sudden catastrophe, they were not unfrequently altogether lost sight of. The discovery of these treasures, whether lost, or still owned by some of his Fellahs, is one of the principal cares of the present governor of Egypt. He has agents in every village, whose eyes, ears, and hands, are all active in tracing out the secret savings of his subjects, which, when discovered, are instantly officially denounced to the government. It not unfrequently happens that a Fellah who has been plundered, betrays out of envy his neighbour, who has hitherto been so fortunate as to elude research. The aid of the bastinado is then called in to render the discovery complete, and every thing that is found is of course confiscated for the benefit of the government and its worthy agents. It happened not very long ago, that the authorities were erroneously informed that two Fellahs had dug up in their field a pitcher full of gold, which they had divided between them. The accused denied the fact, and for this impertinence each of them received in the court of the palace five hundred blows on the soles of his feet, so severe that the nails came off, and that their toes were reduced to mangled shreds. After this the poor creatures were carried before the priest, in whose presence they had to swear, according to the ritual of their church, that they had found no money on their land. . . . In the valley of the Nile, under his [Mehemet's] paternal government, the population has decreased a million! It has been calculated that in France one in thirty of the inhabitants lives on the budget; but in Egypt not less than one-sixth of the population are employed in the administration, and live on the sweat of the rest. It is the grand aim of these respectable individuals to push the fertility of the country as rapidly as possible to a point, where it can be made available by their rapacity, and to work the peasant to the utmost stretch of his powers. The ground which the Nile every year renews cannot be exhausted, but its tiller, taxed beyond the capabilities of nature, must at length faint and perish. The absence of all pity, of every feeling of humanity, of every natural tie between sovereign and subject, is the proper character of the Turkish government of Egypt. Of course, Mehemet Ali has to pay well his confederates in his tyrannical career. Let me describe the kind of life they must be suffered to lead to ensure the continuance of the system. As an example, may be taken Sherif Pacha, who was formerly minister of the interior, and governor of Upper Egypt. In the first capacity, he drew annually from the public treasury, like all his colleagues, more than a million of francs. For his governorship he had 150,000 more. This was his regular income; but he managed, *per fas et nefas* [by foul and fair means], to extract as much again as this from the pockets of his subjects. He passed, nevertheless, in comparison with his predecessor, and with many other high officials, for a very moderate and reasonable man. His court at Siut was royal; his harem was especially rich in beauties, both black and white; there was no end to his feasts and festivals; and his slaves and servants were innumerable. The whole province, with the lives and fortunes of all its inhabitants, was unreservedly placed at his disposal. He ruled by his nod the army of officials under him, and all their servants and servants' servants; of his stewardship he had no account to render, if he only sent recruits, gold, and provisions to Cairo, the instant he received the order. As he was accountable only to his sovereign, so his subordinate officials were accountable only to him, and each Egyptian official in his little sphere, be it only a

miserable village, is as uncontrolled a despot as the lord of the entire province. They all steal and squander; all squeeze, torment, beat, and plunder the unprotected peasantry, in order to live as dissolutely as possible amongst low villains and female slaves, and at the same time to hoard up something for the future.

But has the mass of the people supported this state of things without murmuring, and with unceasing patience? Far from it. During the first twelve years of Mehemet Ali's government, revolts were continually breaking out, as, in different parts of the country, the bitterness of oppression goaded the people to madness. The hirelings by whose aid the pacha overthrew the Mamelukes, remained under arms throughout Egypt, to complete the conquest for their master. The banks of the Nile are infested with these vagrant military bands, who pass the whole year under tents, and have always some of their horses saddled, in order in an instant to be able to suppress every attempt at opposition. Who can tell the crowds of Fellahs who have fallen in the last thirty years in partial insurrections? Though some of the statements current in the country may be exaggerated, still there is no doubt that the population of entire parishes has been exterminated, that in the Nile villages not a weapon is now to be met with, and that the possibility of combating oppression no longer exists. Egypt is like a country held by a foreign army, and every single village may be said to be in a state of permanent siege. Flight is the only resource left to the miserable inhabitants.

But where to fly from the tyranny of Mehemet Ali? Egypt is only a long oasis in an interminable waste of sand. As long as Palestine was free, the peasants of the Delta, like the children of Israel of old, had at least one prospect of escape, and in a short time not less than 10,000 fugitive Fellahs colonised a portion of Galilee. It was these deserts in which the late misunderstandings between Egypt and Turkey originated. Now the valley of the Nile is completely closed like the cavern of Polyphemos, and fate seems to have leagued itself with the oppressor against the pent-up race of Fellahs, unless the present oriental crisis terminate in their relief. 'When will the Inglis (English), when will the Frenki (French), come to put an end to our insupportable sufferings?' is a question which the European must repeatedly hear on the journey between Cairo and Wadi-halfa. The Egyptians know that the Christians, though they are not of the faithful, still do not envy the peasant his coarse food and scanty raiment. Prince Pückler, it is true, had no time to attend to such questions; he was always seated by the side of his princely patron, smoking out of the same pipe, and feasting on the fat of the land. In Monfalut, the very palace where the prince is quite sentimental in his feelings of respect and affection towards the pacha, because the latter 'turned round and took him so graciously, seductively, and irresistibly by the arm,' the writer of this article was but a few years ago the witness of a scene, which caused in him very different feelings to those here produced by the pressure of a satrap's hand. From seven villages in the neighbourhood, the inhabitants had all fled in the night into the Libyan desert, because they could no longer bear up against labour, hunger, exaction, and despair, combined. Their draught-cattle, ploughs, and other agricultural instruments, had already been taken from them to satisfy the demands of the tax-gatherer. Clothes, furniture, and provisions, they had already none, and still without these they were expected to till their ground, and pour fresh sums into the exchequer. Although the Egyptian peasants know that the large and frequented oases to the east are under the power of Mehemet Ali, they still hope to find somewhere in the expanse of sand, an island with wells and palm-trees as yet unreached by their oppressor, where they may find refuge from his persecution. Only a short time, however, elapsed before the fugitives were pursued and overtaken by a band of the vagrant military above alluded to. I myself saw several divisions of them driven into the court-yard of the house of the Nasir of Monfalut. They were all bare-foot; the women only had a few rags round the waist; the men and boys were quite naked; some few only had a small linen cap pressed close to the head. But who shall depict the misery expressed on the countenances of these unfortunate beings? After having been fed with bread, and locked up in the yard all night like cattle, they were whipped back again the next morning to their deserted huts, to recommence their daily tasks, which were now as a punishment made heavier than before. If any observation is made by a foreigner on these tortures and hardships, the reply is, that it is true the people have much to endure, and much to pay; but that such treatment is quite good enough for a race so ignoble and so inferior to their conquerors as that of the Fellahs. Has the German Prince ever seen how canals are dug or cleaned in Egypt? Men, women, and children, when wanted for this purpose, are driven together from the neighbouring villages, or perhaps from out the entire district, and are made to work by the whip, from morning till evening, without tools, food, or pay. The work is not done as in the west, slowly and regularly, but in violent haste. In palm-baskets or rags the poor wretches carry away the earth as it is thrown up, and are kept in a perpetual run by the sticks of their task-masters; for the Turk never thinks that enough is being done, and a Fellah, he says, can never have too many blows. The panting women and the little children run to and fro in silence, with the palm-stubble on their shoulders, and with the fear of the whip before their eyes, which, however, drivers, placed at certain intervals, regularly apply to their backs with mechanical indifference, whether they lag behind or not. To such an extent are carried, especially in Upper Egypt, the cruelty of the tyrant and the patience of the slave, that Fellahs, unprovided with even the coarsest food, are sometimes seen to perish from hunger, fatigue, and ill treatment, under the walls of a magazine well stored with provisions. The idea never occurs to a corpulent Turk, that a Fellah can be in want of nourishment. It is very probable that the pacha does not himself order

these atrocities to be committed; but he does nothing to prevent them, which is all the same for the people. There is no reason to doubt the accuracy of an assertion commonly made in Egypt, that two-thirds of the deaths which occur annually in the valley of the Nile, have their origin either in hunger or ill usage.

Who believes that on such elements as exist in Egypt a permanent empire can be founded? The spirit of the age will no longer tolerate a dominion exercised by slave-drivers. Even the long-suffering people of the east are tired, and their doctrine of fatality has lost its power of reconciling them to oppression. The worst lot that can be reserved to Egypt is the continuance of the tyranny of Mehemet Ali—a tyranny which scorches and destroys, like the sirocco of the African desert.

#### RAILROAD versus STAGE-COACH TRAVELLING.

THERE is no country in the world where stage-coaches are so well 'appointed' as they are in Great Britain, in the matters of speed, safety, regularity, and comfort; but these merits are growing old-fashioned, and steam-carriages are the popular wonder, as well they may be. Without, therefore, intending disrespect to the old vehicles, which have carried us so long, so fast, and so far, it may be useful to point out some of the more obvious circumstances of advantage pertaining to the road steamers, as at present managed. In the first place, on going to the booking-office in connection with the coach, after weathering a dousing rain, we are sometimes greeted with the very unpleasant response, 'no room inside, ma'am;' or gentlemen, after panting a mile in the middle of one of the dog-days, learn that 'every outside place is taken.' This never happens at the railway station—there is always room—be the passengers ten, fifty, or five hundred, it matters not—all are booked—all get the best places! In starting the railroad trains, there are none of those terrific piles of baggage which often render many of the coaches so frightfully and dangerously top-heavy. A passenger, who must often be reasonably alarmed at the loading of a coach, sees or hears packages of almost any number, weight, or bulk, placed on the rail-road carriage, without the slightest apprehension; and then, in taking your places, there is no competition for the 'box seat,' or the 'front seat,' no clambering over dirty wheels, exhorting your shins on sharp irons, until, wedged amidst piles of luggage, your seat is taken on the lofty unsheltered platform, round which numerous legs hang dangling like a dozen brace of black and white grouse. To be sure, the roof of a coach is sometimes pleasant enough on a fine summer's day, with a fine country on either hand, and a good road below; and even when it rains, if you happen to have an umbrella, and if your neighbour, being without, should happen to be good-natured enough to endure the drip upon his neck, all may be tolerable, though any thing but comfortable; but in the rail-road carriage there are no outside places; every passenger is sheltered, whether the poor woman that pays sixpence to ride six miles, or the rich man that pays one pound to ride an hundred. And then, what a mechanical miracle is railway speed! How the train, whatever its length, does bowl along! What a 'hiss' on passing a bridge, or another set of carriages. How the objects on each side flit by—how the colts, calves, and sheep, scamper off in surprise—how the cottagers come to their doors, and the husbandmen pause in their work, to gaze and wonder! And yet, amidst all this astounding speed, there is no plying of the whip, no tugging at the reins, no cruelty to horses. And who, possessed of any sensibility, can witness the turgid veins, the lathering skin, and the frothing mouth of the generous steeds, without some misgiving as to man's right so to use—or rather abuse God's creatures? The locomotive steam-engine, indeed, as if it were a thing of life, does sometimes pant and snort in grand style; but animal sensibility is not present—the bones here are iron and brass—the circulating fluids are water and vapour—the tireless tendons are rods of steel. Here no hair-brained passenger is allowed to urge the driver on to hazard the lives or limbs of his companions; the engineer is the sole judge of fast or slow—he never for a moment either listens to bad advice, or lends the rein to an amateur driver. But it will be said a wheel may fly off or break. What then? It is true the leaping out of a linch-pin, or the smashing of a felloe, must lead to the upsetting of a coach—but a railroad carriage can afford to lose one or two wheels, and nothing serious be the matter. At any rate, the boiler may burst, and then terrible would be the consequences! But who ever heard of a railroad boiler bursting? No one: the fact is, the boiler cannot burst. As any person may presently satisfy himself, from an inspection of the construction of one—it will be found to be formed in the middle of a series of tubes, any of which bursting would cause a pretty buzz in the casing—but nothing more. But assuredly sometimes, after all, terrific accidents occur. So they do: but under what circumstances? Why, in nearly all instances, from the negligence of individuals who ought to have kept out of danger. If a person chooses to place himself in the way of a passing train, he will be as certainly run down by a train of steam-carriages as by a stage-coach, plus the velocity and numbers of the former. But bating cases of this kind, nothing is more remarkable in the history of steam travelling, than the small amount of injury to life or limb which has been sustained: the instances of fatality arising solely not from any cause peculiar to the steam-machinery as such, are few indeed, or rather none at all—for it is very remarkable, that, as yet, not one person has been killed by any accident arising from the nature of this kind of locomotion exclusively. In the last place, may be mentioned the comfort arising from the regulation, that no fees are given to servants. To commercial travellers, indeed, who have been wont to 'rule the roast' on stage-coaches, pretty much as they rule it in the inn kitchens, and many of whom, from the scale of their allowed expenses, can afford, and from the attention they often exact should be expected, to pay for extra service, the fees in question were commonly

little thought of; but it was far otherwise with casual travellers, especially females. By such persons, therefore, forming as they now do by railroad trains the bulk of the ordinary complement of passengers, the sensible and equitable arrangement which places all who have paid the same fare on the same footing, as to attention and comfort, is hailed with admiration and gratitude.—*Sheffield Mercury.*

#### A WEDDING AT SEA.

A CORRESPONDENT of the New England Review gives the following sketch of an interesting scene which occurred on board the ship in which he sailed from America:— 'A novel circumstance took place, while on our passage, which I must relate. There was a Mr H. on board, who was formerly a merchant in Massachusetts, since in Connecticut, and late of New York. He was a kind, open-hearted fellow, full of fun, and withal very intelligent as well as handsome. His age was twenty-seven. He came on board an entire stranger to us all, but as we made it a point to have but one family on board, and as we soon discovered his amiable qualities, he very soon made a welcome member. On our sixth day he came to me, and inquired the name and circumstances of an elderly gentleman passenger, who was accompanied by his daughter, with whom Mr H. seemed deeply smitten. For my own part, I could see nothing exceedingly attractive about Miss J., save that she was very agreeable in her manners, and highly intelligent. I informed him, and, at his request, gave him a formal introduction, which terminated in the following manner:—Soon after the introduction, it became evident that a mutual liking and affection existed between Mr H. and Miss J., who, from their open expressions of fondness, began to attract the attention of all, and the admiration of many of the passengers. They were frequently observed in their close conversations, and a game of whist was scarcely ever played in which they were not partners. On the second Sunday of our passage, we solicited the Rev. Mr G., who was on his way to Italy, to preach a sermon. By the politeness of the captain, a large awning was spread over us, seats were prepared, and a congregation of 76 persons, including the steerage passengers and sailors, was collected to participate in the religious exercises. A small desk was formed into a pulpit, and a choir was formed by 'going into a committee of the whole.' The text was read and the sermon delivered, of which I need not speak. At the conclusion of the sermon, our minister rose and read the following card, which lay on the desk:—William Benet H., Esq., of New York, intends marriage with Miss Maria Louisa J.—'We were more surprised at the novelty of the thing than the fact itself, and, indeed, such was the feeling created by the sudden and unexpected announcement made, that we all forgot the serious impressions made on our minds by the minister, in our hearty and vociferous congratulations of the happy pair. But it did not end here. A proposition was made to the parties to have the affair consummated that evening, which was cheerfully acceded to by them, to the great pleasure of all on board. Accordingly, things were arranged in order, the best state-room was given up to them, and every one felt gay and happy as the hour approached which should witness the consummation of their nuptial vows. The evening was calm and delightful; not a sail fluttered in the breeze, not a voice was heard, not the least stir or bustle about the deck, and the moon looked down in loveliness on that tranquil scene. At noon, every soul gathered to the temple which had been erected for religious worship, and in less than fifteen minutes the marriage ceremony was performed by our worthy minister, who made a few remarks, and closed with prayer. The scene was truly as sublime as romantic. The fair bride came out, dressed in a robe of pure white satin, leaning on the arm of her lover, bound to the altar, and heard her marriage vow pronounced where, only an hour or two before, she had uttered her vows to God. Many a tear of joy stole down the cheeks of those who looked on, and not a care cast the shadow of its wing across that scene of triumph, love, and bliss. The novelty of this affair had thrown us all into an excitement, and nothing was to be talked of but weddings, wedding parties, marriages at sea, love, honeymoon, &c., &c., and I was at times half tempted to make a similar proposition myself to the queen-like Miss C., if for nothing else but the purpose of having the joke pass round.'

#### CURE OF DRUNKENNESS.

A man in Maryland, notoriously addicted to this vice, hearing an uproar in his kitchen one evening, had the curiosity to step without noise to the door, to know what was the matter, when he beheld his servants indulging in the most unbounded roar of laughter at a couple of his negro boys, who were mimicking himself in his drunken fits; showing how he reeled and staggered, how he looked and nodded, and hiccupped and tumbled. The picture which these children of nature drew of him, and which had filled the rest with so much merriment, struck him so forcibly, that he became a perfectly sober man, to the unspeakable joy of his wife and children.—*Anatomy of Drunkenness.*

#### REASON FOR MENTAL CULTIVATION.

It was said, with truth, by Charles the Twelfth, of Sweden, that he who was ignorant of the arithmetical art was but half a man. With how much greater force may a similar expression be applied to him who carries to his grave the neglected and unprofitable seeds of faculties, which it depended on himself to have reared to maturity, and of which the fruits bring accessions to human happiness—more precious than all the gratifications which power or wealth can command.—*Dagald Stewart.*

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